WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19,

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FANCY VESTINGS. A large variety of the best Fancy Vestings—specially imported by Nicoll, the Tailor. Silk or Satin-Lined, \$8 to \$10, to order.

Hundreds of Trouserings, \$5 to \$12. Hundreds of Suitings, \$20 to \$50. To measure at moderate prices.



#### WIVES OF THE CANDIDATES

A Lady Correspondent Calls on Mrs. Ben Harrison and Mrs. L. P. Morton,

And Learns that the Former Can Make Fine Bread and Belongs to Literary Clubs, and that the Latter Prefers Plain Gowns.

Nellie Bly, in New York World.

No. 674 North Delaware street, Indianapolis, is a comfortable two-story red brick house. It is set back from the street, a little to one side of the green lawn which surrounds it. At the rear is a frame stable, and a few bushy trees break the sod. Under one of these a collie puts in his time sleeping and snapping at bothersome flies. There is nothing remarkable about the house; in fact, it is the most unpretentious of any along this way, for North Delaware is a beautiful street of artistic buildings. A grassy track and rows of trees divide the street, smooth and clean, from the sidewalk. The houses are all set back some distance, and the lawns are smooth or broken by flower beds. Tennis grounds and swinging hammocks show that pleasure and ease are both given some thought.

I had waited several days for Mrs. Harrison's return from Put-in-Bay, and it was with some trepidation I called the next morning, fearing she would be too weary to see any visitors. However, there was no hesitancy about admitting me, no mysterious running about as if they had something to hide. The woman showed me into the parlor, and returned almost immediately to say that Mrs. Harrison would be down in a few

"Mamie," I heard a clear, musical voice call, "Come, take the baby; I want to go down stairs."
"Yes, mamma," and a slender, girlish figure, in a neat morning-gown, ran lightly past the door up-stairs. I heard the soft rustle of skirts, and then a little lady with large brown eyes and grayish hair stood before me. "I am Mrs. Harrison," she announced, and held out her hand and looked at me inquiringly, while I told the

nature of my visit. "I think it is rather embarrassing to ask one to talk of themselves," she said with a smile. "You would get a better story, either favorably or otherwise, by going to some one who knows me; yet if I can give you anything that will help you I shall be most happy."
"I was afraid that you might be too tired

from your trip to see visitors this morning." "I am not in the least tired," she asserted,

with a bright smile. "It was a trip for rest, and has been of benefit to Mr. Harrison. I am proud that I have a great deal of vitality. I am never ill, and since the nomination I have not had an hour, I can say, to rest. A little baby girl has come to my daughter since then, and I have had the entire care of them both and of my grandson, Benjamin, added to my other duties. With it all I am well and happy. I have always taught myself not to fuss and worry; that it only increases discomfort and never deducts from it so I think that the secret of my perfect health." "With all these duties it must be necessary to have a housekeeper," I suggested.

"No, indeed," she laughed merrily. "That's what I never had. When I was a girl my dear old mother made me learn to work. It used to make me angry. 'I will never do this when I am married,' I would assert petulantly. 'Very well,' mother would answer quietly, 'the knowledge will be no trouble if you don't and if you are ever compelled to, it will be invaluable.' So I was taught everything and became quite an expert, especially as a baker. My bread was beautiful. I don't know how nice it would be now, for it is years since I have made any. My knowledge has served me well in making me a skillful housekeeper. I have always attended to my own household matters and think it agreet pleagure. I often get up at 6 celock in order to go to market. I always take Benjamin, my grandson, with me, because the early morning ride does him good. Do my own marketing? Why, certainly, always; how elso could I expect to have things to please me?"

"Well you tell me of your girlhood days?"

"Yes, they were my happy ones," she said, feelingly. "I was born in Oxford, O. My father, Dr. John W. Scott, was professor of the Miami University at the time of my birth, and was afterward president of the female college in the same town, which position he held at the time of my marriage. I received my education at the seminary there, and was a happy girl. We village girls were very simple in our wants then.

who is the ninth Benjamin Harrison directly down, and the baby, Mary Lodge McKee, who is but eight weeks old, but is a jolly, plump little

fairy."

"What is your regular routine of the day!"

"It does not differ from any one's." she said.

"I get up at 6, do my marketing, breakfast at 7:30, bathe and dress the babies and have a romp with Benjamin, lunch at I and have din-ner at 6. Except in the summer months I dener at 6. Except in the summer months I devote two mornings weekly to painting lessons, and one morning to a literature class, of which I am a member. By the way, this is a very literary city. We have three literary classes as well as literary clubs; and we have a woman's club, which is most entertaining and instructive. Besides the Woman's Club we have the Fortnightly Club and the Merrill Literary Club, pamed in honor of our teacher. Miss Katharina named in honor of our teacher, Miss Katharine Merrill, a remarkably gifted woman. Our suc-

Merrill, a remarkably gifted woman. Our success is due to her teaching."

In addition to all this Mrs. Harrison is quite a musician, understanding music thoroughly and being very fond of it. And now I have not told you what she looks like, but as her face is already familiar to the reading public there is not much to tell. Suppose I describe her as she looked the morning I called on her. She is small, probably not more than five feet two, and has a plump figure. Her hands and feet are baby like in size, and her little dimpled fingers display a marriage ring and three diamonds. She wore a plain gray cloth skirt and plaited jacket, belted at the waist. Her sleeves were tight and plain, showing the outlines of a finely molded arm, and enameled gold bracelets clasped the fair wrists. Her eyes are large and a soft brown, and her hair contrasts beautifully, being gray. Her mouth is the right size for beauty. She wears a soft, fluffy bang and her hair coiled low on her neck. Her pictures do not do her justice, as they cannot show how her face lights up, how the soul comes into her eyes and how the expression foretells every thought. She is a brilliant conversationalist, and indeed a most cultivated as well as a beautiful woman. cultivated as well as a beautiful woman.

Mrs Harrison is devoted to the babies in her household. Little Benjamin is her treasure. She pets everything that comes her way, from her bushand down to Dash, the collie, which lies snapping flies in the sunshine. She carries sugar and apples in her pocket for her horse. It rubs its nose gratefully and affectionately against her shoulder and begs for more as well as gives thanks for that received. She did own a mocking bird that followed her about the house and perched on her shoulder when she sat down, and the neighbors do say it could almost talk, and that the understanding was perfect be-tween them. It died not long since, so it is not mentioned now. A beautiful young fawn, a gift

to grandson Benjamin, is just now the newest pet.

Mrs. Harrison is a diligent and studious reader, but does not find much interest in the novels of to-day. She is a member of the Presbyterian of to-day. She is a member of the Presbyterian Church, and until she removed to Washington taught a class in the Sunday-school. She is also one of the most useful and tireless managers of the Orphan Asylum. She is passionately fond of music and has quite a brilliant performer in her daughter, Mrs. McKee. Moreover, with all her brilliancy, Mrs. Harrison enjoys a good joke, and can tell in an inimitable manner very funny apecdotes.

"I want to show you a souvenir we have just received from Germany, and which we prize above all things," said Mrs. Harrison. Going to another room she returned with an old-fashioned china cup and saucer. On the side of the cup gowns during the summer, or for very extra was a small hand-painting of a fine old face and affairs foulards. My preference in jewels is for Louis and return at \$3. another room she returned with an old-fashioned chins cup and saucer. On the side of the cup

an old-styled collar and neck-scarf. Beneath it an old-styled collar and neck-scarf. Beneath it was painted in small black letters, "William He nry Harrison." "This was found in Germany, away in some remote corner by some tourists," she explained. "It was bought by them and sent to Mr. Harrison. You see it is a painting of his grandfather, and was one of the articles in use at his time. How it got to Germany they could not learn."

they could not learn." But Mrs. Harrison's home? It is not extra-ordinary in any way. One enters the unusu-ally wide hall by double glass doors. On one instead of the center, is a large, dark leather settee and two high-back leather chairs. On a small inlaid-top table near the parlor door are a toric gradfather. It is draped with the stars and stripes of the United States. A large silk flag is also hung midway in the hall. The parlor is large and not crowded. The furniture is easy and of a variety of designs. A piece of rare old tapestry hangs above the mantel, on which are some antique china ornaments. In the back par-lor is a piano, an easel holding the life-sized photograph of Mr. Levi P. Morton, and many pretty things which go to make a house home-like. That is it-Mrs. Harrison's house is home-

"I want to show you some pretty things which the people kindly send us," said Mrs. Harrison, and I went around with her looking at one dainty campaign article after another. Per-haps the most peculiar was a log cabin made by an old colored man in Virginia, who walked eight miles to Richmond to send it to them. It is about eight feet in length, and is a typical Southern log cabin. It has a long chimney, and the door and window will open and shut. Be-tween them on the outside of the cabin hangs a miniature coon-skin. On a shelf by the door is a wood piggin and a gourd. A barrel, which lies by the side of the cabin, is marked "hard ci der." A long pole goes up from the end of the cabin, and on it is a Harrison and Morton silk banner, on which is also inscribed, "Americans for America," and the stars and stripes wave from the end. It is a perfect thing, and much valued by Mrs. Harrison,

"I lived in Indianapolis all alone with my two children while Mr. Harrison was in the war," said Mrs. Harrison, after showing me around. "Those were my sad days, but I forced myself to be cheerful, and looked after my home and little babies until merciful Providence restored

my husband to me." "Carrie Scott, as Mrs. Harrison was known in youth, was a beautiful girl," said Mrs. Miller. a neighbor, who has been acquainted with Mrs. Harrison for many years. "She was always well-bred, has a lovely disposition, makes friends everywhere, and changes in fortune never leave any mark on her. She is always dignified and yet cordial. She never holds her-self aloof, and is very sympathetic. I have never known her to grow impatient, and she meets every one who is anxious to see her. She thing in her disposition is charity for human faults. She always speaks softly of the erring and finds excuses for them. As for dressing, she prefers plain gowns and keeps to quiet colors—dark shades for street, and white, pearl and gray for evenings. She dresses becomingly and properly, and as befits her society; outside

floors, and in the alcove is a white marble bust and an antique clock. Next to it is the door to Mr. Morton's library, which faces the parlor. A marble bust of Mr. Morton rests on a pedestal opposite the stairway, and there is an old-fashioned high mantel in the same hard wood as the floor. A number of easy-chairs, two center-tables strewed with magazines and bric-a-brac, and a variety of warm, soft rugs on the floor made up the room.

made up the room. Two little girls in red cambric gowns and large rough straw hats, trimmed with a thin white material, went past and out the door. Then a lady came down the stairs and coming up to me asked if I was Nellie Biy and announced that she was Mrs. Morton. She invited me to go with her to the parlor. I told her the object of my visit, and she laughingly

"Really now, there is nothing to write about me; if there were I would give it." "There is always something," I said, "and the public likes to know something of the wives and

homes of candidates." show it to you," she said. "We have been in it only a month, and we are all very happy. Since Mr. Morton bought it, two years ago, the children and I have dreamed of it night and day, and now our dreams are verified. It was built just for comfort, and I can say we have it. We went over the plans ourselves with that object, and everything is satisfactory." "How does being the wife of a candidate affect

"I don't notice that it makes any difference. Everything goes on just the same, except that Mr. Morton has more to do. Mr. Morton has a great number of newspaper people to see him, but you are the first who has thought me worth while to visit," she said, with a laugh that dis-closed the prettiest little dimples up close to the corner of her beautifully-shaped month.

Mrs. Morton is handsome—undeniably hand-some. She is about 5 feet 6 inches in height. She would be a little too heavy for a girl-although there are many girls as heavy—but she has a tapering waist and beautifully-moulded neck and arms. Her eyes are large, bluish-gray and very expressive. Her complexion is a healthy white. She can boast of her nose, and her mouth is exquisitely aristocratic. Her lips are curved and full, and every smile awakens the most babyish and be-witching dimples I have almost ever seen. Although Mrs. Morton's face has not one wrinkle, Although Mrs. Morton's face has not one wrinkle, and her years scarcely seem to warrant it, her hair looks quite gray in the dimly-lighted room. Gray hair is always an attraction, even when combined with a youthful face. It was dressed very neatly, twisted to the crown of the head and there rested in heavy, smooth coils, met by a wavy fringe on the forehead.

Of course every woman will want to know how Mrs. Morton was dressed. Well, she wore a gray cotton gown, with a waist which fitted to perfection, the skirt trimmed in white, open-work embroidery. A straight gold bar fastened the collar, and there was no other jewelry except a large solitaire and a large emerald on the third finger of the left hand. A gray cotton gown, the material of which couldn't have cost more than \$5. Think of it! and a woman, too, whose husband is quoted at some \$20,000,000.
"Do you receive many begging letters, Mrs.

"Yes, but that is not new. I received just as many before Mr. Morton was nominated as now. I think that comes into every one's life more or

"I was born in Poughkeepsie, N. Y.," said Mrs. Morton, when I urged her to tell me of her-self. "My name was Anna Livingstone Street. My father was a lawyer in practice there, and

My father was a lawyer in practice there, and so there we lived and I received my education. After a while we removed to New York, and I was in society quite a while before I met Mr. Morton. So, you see, there's nothing to tell."

"What did you do as a girl?"

"I can't recall much of anything. I never rode or danced, and I never painted, but I was something of a musicisu. I used to and do yet," pointing to a work-basket filled with yarn, "crochet for missions. Other fancy work I do not like." not like."

"What do you like best in dress!" "Something plain, always plain," she answered, hurriedly. "I never cared for dress; but you know when one is in society one must obey certain rules or be conspicuous for eccen-

pearls, and I have some fine ones, but I am not fond of much jewelry of any kind. I cannot describe the parlor in which we sat because it would take many visits to become familiar with all its beauties. I know the carpet was pleasing to the eye and soft to the touch; that the daylight came in through the wide French windows with a gentle, subdued effect, produced by the green Venetian blinds. I know the walls were hung with fine paintings; that the chairs were snug and of variety, and grouped so easily that they fairly coaxed one to side of the hall, which is at the side of the house | sit down and talk. I know that the little tables were strewn with photographs and rare knickknacks, and that the breeze from the Hudson came creeping in, rattling stray papers and few brightly colored asters in a large antique twisting the colored yarn. I know that it was jar, and a basket of ripe pears. Above hangs an old painting by Inman of General Harrison's hisshort, the entire house and its occupants seemed

agreeable and unconventional. "I love America and everything American," said Mrs. Morton warmly, "so much so that my friends tease me about it. I have very many friends abroad, and I like to go across occasionally, because really the only way to get a man cut off from his business is to take him abroad where he can't get to work. I think a trip always does Mr. Morton good, but I am always glad to get back to my dear old land. I just think it is so perfect that we cannot introduce anything foreign that will excel or even equal what we have. My household is strictly American."

"What do you do all day?" "My days are very busy, as is every mother's when she does her duty," she said pleasantly. "I have always been my own housekeeper, and, although I am not a practical cook, I know what to order and when things are right or wrong. I see after everything of a domestic nature. I get up at 7 o'clock and give my servants orders for the day; then I see to every detail about my children—that they are bathed, what they shall wear and eat. At 8:30 o'clock we breakfast. Since we have been here the children eat with us, and the first thing discussed is the news. We take all the newspapers, as we wish to read both sides of the political question. The governess reads them to the children, who take as much interest in it as I do. Then I keep up an extensive correspondence. My literary efforts are confined to voluminous letter-writing, but my uncle, Alfred Street, who died some years ago in New York, was a poet."

Will you stay at Ellerslie all the fall?" "I hope to. My mother is with me now and later I expect a number of friends. When I told them I was coming to live here they all said I would die of the heat and loneliness, but I have felt neither. I never was happier in my life. Just step here until I show you the grand

view we have." A broad, clear space of rolling green going down, down until it is lost in a dark, heavy wood that seems to touch the water's edge, leaves unbroken a perfect view of the great Hudson, which looks in the sunlight like a mirror on which the quicksilver has been slightly rufiled; above the canopy of blue sky over is very discreet, and her worst enemies, if she has any, could find no fault. One beautiful thing in her disposition is charity for human the dark mountains which stretch further and further away until they become but a black line.

has any, could find no fault. One beautiful thing in her disposition is charity for bumnar fault may be a secure for them. As for dressing, and inde secures for them. As for dressing, and inde secures for them. As for dressing, and the secures for them. As for dressing, she prefers plain gowns and keeps to quiet colors—art's shades for street, and white, pearl and gray for evenings. She dresses becomingly and properly, and as befits her society; outside of that she does not care. She does not like much jeweiry and expectally dislikes a display of large diamonds."

\*\*RRINEBECK, N. Y., Sept. 8.—"Do you know Mrs. Morton!" asked the driver as he showed his elbow familiarly into my ribs. I logked at him steadily for a moment, but the very sight of his jelly, sun-burned face, his innocent blue eyes and bright red hair scattered my anger and left instead an inclination to laugh. Although I was conscious of smiling I replied stiffly:

"On tusiness then, chi" he suggested, with a grin and another familiar nudge.

"Rather," I answered shortly, and then to turn the subject said: "What a beautiful country and what lovely roads!" I had just arrived at Rhinebeck an hour before, and the first thing I saw at the station was a mammoth Harrison and Morton has beat station was a mammoth Harrison and Morton has been seen to be successed as the station was a mammoth Harrison and Morton has been grated to other fine hourse. Mr here, are the gate to go out of which lead to other fine hourse. Mr here from a mong our farmers, and others from the outside. Every Stating which spans a little lake, then a sudden turn showed the conservatory hich above the road on a grassy knoll and reached by white marble stops. The thick foliage of a group of large trees hides the house until one is close to it. It is a large, aritically sesigned house, with a carriage drive a town side and a biazza at the other. The pazza was rendered cool and shady by green the bell, and I walked up a dight of tairs into the bell and the state of the pazza was rendered

Episcopalians," she roplied in answer to my question.

"I do not talk politics," she said with a laugh, "and I do not want any more rights than I have, but I am a politician for my husband's sake. Everything that concerns him is my interest, and I do all I can to aid him in every way. I have no interests that are not connected with my home. My husband and my children are my whole thought and care. I did not tell you, I believe, that Edith, my eldest daughter, gives bright promises of being an able violinist."

"Have you any brothers or sisters!"

"I have no sisters, but I have a brother in London. He is a partner of Sir Roderick Cameron in Australian shipping business. My father has been dead some twenty years."

"What do you read Mrs. Morton!"

"Well, I don't do much reading now except the newspapers. We get both Republican and Democratic journals, and I read them all, as we do not like to take a narrow view of anything. Occasionally I read novels, but I do not get much time aside from my duties to devote to reading. I am just now in the midst of Robert-Ellsmere,' and I think it very interesting. Did you ever see such a display of campaign articles?" asked Mrs. Morton, with a little laugh. "We have so many sent us, and I value them quite highly. I intend to keep them all together as souvenirs."

She took me across the ball to Mr. Morton's library a very model, where she showed me

She took me across the ball to Mr. Morton's library, a very model, where she showed me some of the articles they had received. On the low book-case, which encircles the room, on either side a bronze figure, were leather plaque busts of Harrison and Morton. There were enpublic likes to know something of the wives and homes of candidates."

"Well, this is our home; I shall be pleased to one of very fine work framed, satin ribbons for the lapel, a Harrison and Morton Waterbury watch and all sorts of things, from the finest of work to Turkish towels with "Harrison and Morton" woven in colored letters. "The children claim the right to all the buttons, which come by the dozen, and they go about wearing several at a time. Well, Chick, why are you not out?" she said, putting her arms around a little girl in a big straw hat, who had caught

> are out." "What a busy child it is," she said tenderly. Then: "The day is too fine to be indoors; go, you must take a drive. Our overseer wanted me to see some of the cows that he intends to send to the fair," she said, as we stood on the stairs waiting for my driver; "he is very proud of them, so I must go."
>
> And then we shook hands and with a few pleasant words parted. I found Mrs. Morton the most informal and approachable of any

"I was studying," she replied. "The others

FASTER TANNER.

woman I ever interviewed.

He is Engaged in Investigating Suspended Animation and the Matter of Hibernation.

CHICAGO, Sept. 15 .- Dr. H. S. Tanner, who became famous about eight years ago by fasting forty days in Clarendon Hall, New York city, arrived in Chicago yesterday, from New Mexico. He is apparently in perfect health, and his girth is such as to suggest anything except abstinence from food. About the last word from the doctor, previous to his arrival here, was that he was in New Mexico, living upon a purely vege-table diet. At present he eats two meals a day in summer and one meal a day in winter. In an interview he says that he has been in Mexico for four years, pursuing investigations into the subject of suspended animation or counterfeit death. He is convinced that large numbers of people are annually buried alive all over the world, and from his study of various cases, and the records of societies or the subject in Holland and elsewhere, he is convinced that, in Holland and elsewhere, he is convinced that, so subtle is the principle of life, no one can undertake to say that it is extinct until decomposition—the only sure sign—has set in. He declares that the dead in this country are buried with indecent, with criminal haste, and that burials of persons who are not absolutely dead are murders. The doctor is also pursuing another branch of semi-suspended animation, viz.: hibernation. He declares that bears and other bibernating animals do not use their lungs during the hibernating season, and he is convinced that man can hibernate. He refers to the long trances of the Hindoo adepts, accomplished through long seasons of fasting, and declares it to be his belief that these trances are merely seasons of hibernation. The doctor says he is studying with a view to making some experiments in this line, and that the time may come when he will permit himself to be sealed up in an air-tight coffin and laid away until such time as he shall designate for it to be opened.

Every Day and Sunday, Too.